

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR

:-:

By PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by Author of "The Kindred of the Dust," Told in Motion Pictures, Loew's Palace Beginning Sunday.

This great story has been created into a wonderful photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Frank Borzage, and featuring Forest Stanley and Marjorie Daw. It is a Paramount picture.

"I SHALL be the poorest witness in the world, Mr. Farrel."

"Well, I shall see to it, Mr. Parker, that you are given an opportunity to tell the judge of the superior court at El Toro why Loustalot called on you this morning, why a great band of sheep is trespassing on the Rancho Palomar, why Loustalot drew a check in your favor for fifty thousand dollars, why you declined to take it, what you said to Loustalot this morning to cause him to steal one of my horses in his anxiety to get off the ranch, why your attorneys drew up a certain lease of the grazing privilege to Loustalot and why the deal fell through."

Parker flushed. "Can you produce that fifty thousand dollar check? I happen to know it has not been cashed."

"No, I cannot, Mr. Parker."

Kay opened her purse and tossed the check across to her father.

"It was drawn in your favor, dad," she informed him, "so I concluded it was your property, and when Mr. Farrel came by it—ah, illegally—and showed it to me, I retained it."

"Good girl! Mr. Farrel, have you any objection to my returning this check?"

"Not the slightest. It has served its purpose. However, you will have to wait until you meet Loustalot somewhere outside the boundaries of the Rancho Palomar, sir. I had comforted myself with the thought that he was safe under lock and key here, but, to my vast surprise, I met him in the bank at El Toro making futile efforts to draw his cash before I could attach his account. The confounded ingrate informs me that Mr. Okada turned him loose."

There was no mistaking the disapproval in the glance which Parker turned upon Okada. "Is this true, Mr. Okada?"

"It is not true," Okada replied promptly. "I know nozzing about nozzing."

"Well, Pablo thinks it is true, Mr. Okada," Don Miguel's voice

was unruffled, his manner almost benignant. "The old man is outside, and absolutely broken hearted. His honor appears to be quite gone. I imagine," Don Mike continued, with a fleeting and whimsical glance at the potato baron, "that he has evolved some primitive plan for making his honor whole again. Direct methods always did appeal to Pablo."

"Mr. Farrel? John Parker began, "I regret this incident more than I say can. I give you my word of honor I had nothing to do with it directly or indirectly."

"John, for goodness' sake, old dear, give Mr. Farrel credit for some common sense. He knows very well you wouldn't break bread with him and then betray him. Don't you, Mr. Farrel?" Mrs. Parker pleaded.

"Of course, Mr. Parker's assurance is wholly unnecessary, Mrs. Parker."

"Mr. Okada is leaving this afternoon," Parker hastened to assure him.

"Mr. Okada shows commendable prudence," Don Mike's tones were exceedingly dry.

Okada rose and bowed his squinch-owl bow.

"I am very sorry," he sputtered. "I think that man Pablo one big liar. 'Scuse, please; I go."

"If he hadn't called Pablo a liar," Don Mike murmured plaintively, "I should have permitted him to march out with the honors of war. As the matter stands now, however, I invite all of you to listen attentively. In a few minutes you're going to hear something that will remind you of the distant whine of a sawmill. After all, Pablo is a poor old fellow who lives a singularly humdrum existence."

"Ah, yes; let the poor fellow have his simple little pleasures," Mrs. Parker pleaded. "All work and no play—you know, Don Miguel."

"My dear," Parker answered testily, "there are occasions when your sense of humor is positively oppressive."

"Very well, John; I'll be serious." His wife turned to Farrel. "Mr. Farrel," she continued, "while you were away, I had a very bright idea. You are much too few in the family for such a large house, and it occurred to me that



Parker fails to convince Conway in a heated conference. A scene from the Cosmopolitan production to be seen at Loew's Palace next week, beginning Sunday.

you might care to lease the Palomar hacienda to us for a year. I'm so weary of hotels and equally weary of a town house, with its social obligations and the insolence of servants—particularly cooks. John needs a year here, and we would so like to remain if it could be arranged. Your cook, Carolina, is not the sort that leaves one's employ in the middle

of a dinner party." "Would \$500 a month for the house and the use of Carolina and three saddle horses interest you, Mr. Farrel? From our conversation of this morning, I judge you have abandoned hope of redeeming the property, and during the year of the redemption period, six thousand dollars might—ah—er—"

"Well, it would be better than a

poke in the eye with a sharp stick," Don Miguel replied genially. "I need the money; so I accept—but with certain reservations. I like Carolina's cooking, too; I have a couple of hundred head of cattle to look after, and I'd like to reserve one room, my place at this table, and my position as master of Palomar. Of course, I'm not so optimistic as

to think you folks would accept of my hospitality for a year, so I suggest that you become what our British cousins call 'paying guests,' albeit I had never expected to fall low enough to make such a dastardly proposition. Really, it abases me. It's never been done before in this house."

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NEW YORK CITY DAY BY DAY

By O. O. MINTYRE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25. A NOTHER boom in hotel building has struck the Metropolis. Ground is being broken for the Roosevelt, a stone's throw from the Grand Central. It will have 1,100 rooms. Two more are being planned for the same district just as large.

Just 100 years after New York's largest hotel had thirty-four rooms. It was considered too big and the proprietor faced bankruptcy. The office was noted for its big base-burner stove. Across the way was a grocery where whiskey was 60 cents a gallon.

Of course, 100 years is a long time, but it is difficult to picture the New York of that day. It was a village of lotteries and slave sales. Debtors were jailed and the most pretentious store in town had a sign reading "Don't whistle around the front of this store."

At noon the people met at the pump opposite St. Paul's to gossip and quaff sparkling water from a tin dipper. Coaches started for Albany each morning at 7 and the town marshal was kept busy driving hogs from Broadway.

It was a town without illuminants—the gas company was organized two years later, and water was brought from the upper island in barrels. The sportiest place was a little shack where turtle was served on Saturday nights.

There are only two dozen business houses that have survived that period. Indeed, the history has almost become extinct, so rapidly has the march of progress devoured the landmarks.

In that decade every street was known by sight to the five richest men in town—John Jacob Astor, Robert Lenox, Stephen Whitney, J. G. Coster and Nathaniel Prime. Now, save for the names of Astor and Whitney, few New Yorkers could tell you what they had to do with early history-making of the metropolis.

Still there is one custom at least that has been handed down from the New York of many years ago. At the Castle Gate the other evening I was served with fried oysters, cooked on the half shell, sizzling in a plate filled with hot sand. The proprietor tells me that it was a favorite dish with John Jacob Astor.

George Bailey, a shrewd columnist, tells me that you can always interest readers with a bit of Epicurean description. So, passing from fried oysters, I had a delicacy that is offered on the breakfast menu of a Syrian cafe in Lexington avenue. It is fried country sausage served with a small pitcher of sorghum molasses on the side. One is supposed to pour the molasses over the sausage. Sounds mussy, but it is delectable.

Broadway is asking: "Where's Izzy?" The famous hooch hunter, Izzy Einstein, has been conspicuous by his absence for many weeks. Some say he is working out a new line of disguises and that he will be crashing into the first pages ere long. His picture was appearing in too many newspapers and he went he was immediately spotted.

The dice earning as a passing fad has gained new life this week when a Fifth Avenue jeweler displayed a pair in his window. Red kid gloves are also being worn by those who aim at the bizzarre. (Copyright, 1922, by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Latest Word From Paris By Marie Suzanne

(Copyright, 1922.)

PARIS, France.

THE French afternoon gown is frequently of velvet and lace, and not infrequently is the sleeve of the velvet bodice made of lace to match the skirt. Here the bodice is of yellow velvet, dropping a hem-length panel from its girdle, and the skirt is of silver lace, over a matching yellow slip.



AROUND WASHINGTON by Mariann

THE zero hour for shopping and what a gay and wonderful time it is. Don't miss going to the Julius Lansburgh Furniture Company. There you will find things to bring smiles to the face of any house lover. A gate-leg table fits in so well with many a living room scheme, an end table for the convenience of those who sit on the davenport, a table that will hold smoking things or books and magazines or sewing, book-ends, lamps and cedar chests. A cedar chest may be a suggestion for the recently engaged girl. There she may stow away her linens and lace things. Romantic, in keeping with the true spirit of a thoughtful and useful Christmas is a chest.

AN eleventh hour suggestion is a coffee urn set. The National Electric Supply Co., 1328-1330 New York avenue, will help you select one. The electric percolator with sugar bowl and cream pitcher of matching metal on a serviceable tray, sell for about \$30. Other more expensive ones include cups in dainty holders. Breakfast in the modern home demands electric appliances, and really, coffee made by electricity is superior to that made by any other method. Or if you wish the percolator without the tray and additional accessories, you can find them to fit any purse or any size family.

Your Manners

IT IS CORRECT

FOR a married man to act as best man at a wedding if it is desired, though the role is usually filled by a bachelor—a familiar friend or brother of the bridegroom.

For the best man to attend the bridegroom on the day of the marriage until he sees the train or steamer carry him off for the honeymoon.

Upon inviting guests to a picnic, to ask each to bring a contribution to the feast, if this is the arrangement decided upon. The company should be nearly of the same age and no one should be invited except those who can be counted upon for good nature.

IT IS NOT CORRECT

To leave a picnic ground in a disordered condition. Each member of the party should do his bit to see that the place is cleared of the debris of the feast.

For the best man to fail to call upon the bride's mother very soon after the marriage and upon the bride as soon as she returns from the wedding trip.

For the ushers at the wedding to fail to call upon the bride's mother shortly after the wedding day.

WHAT THEY SAY America and Mothers

MRS. MARY BELL SPENCER, Chicago attorney, former "Public Guardian" of Cook County—

"Home need not interfere with a woman's career. For I have always maintained that any woman capable of attaining success in a profession is capable of enough judgment to know how to manage her home and her career besides and not let either detract from the success of the other."

Women in most instances take motherhood and its responsibilities as an excuse to be a bit lazy. I worked on an important murder case up to the day one of my babies was born. I freed the defendant. After the case was successfully completed I thought I deserved a day of rest. The next day my baby came."

BISHOP CHARLES L. SLAT Tery, of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts—"There are two greatest ways to serve God and man. One is to serve one's country; the other, highest of all ways, is to serve to organization filled with divine life, the Church of the Living God. To serve the nation and the church is the only way by which a man may stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellows and fight and work and wait for the best in all life. Until a man has tried in some vital way to serve the world through nation and through church, he has not one shred of right to criticize another who has even begun to try, even though the effort died forever on the threshold."



Over 67 Years of Success
FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS and COLDS

SENATOR CHARLES E. TOWNSEND, of Michigan—"I am often asked: 'What is a lobbyist?' He is a person whose business it is to obtain or prevent some particular legislation by the use of means which by intelligent, right minded men, are considered improper, such as the offer of payment of money or other thing of value; extending favors of entertainment to legislators who are about to act upon the legislation; by insidious threats of political opposition; by holding out prospects of political reward or by withholding patronage, or by using any other device calculated to induce the lawmaker to do what he knows he ought not to do and is contrary to his idea of what is proper for him to do in representing his constituents."



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On Life's Problems By Virginia Lee

DEAR VIRGINIA LEE: How can I gain the attention of a boy 6 years older than I am? The boys in the younger set in our crowd are "fast"—drink, smoke, late hours and all the rest. They have no respect for a girl. This boy acts more like a big brother to the girls. I am sixteen. Please tell me what I can do; all the girls talk about their dates, and all I do is listen. How can I become popular with the boys?

WORRIED DIMPLES. A girl of sixteen who has nothing on her mind but boys will never be "popular" with them. Even the "fast" kind have no time for a silly girl. You are probably no more so than the other girls in your town, but I would try to be a little different by keeping away from the things they think are smart. Spend a little time improving your mind, and when you are eighteen or nineteen a sensible boy will find you interesting.

THE VENGEANCE OF HENRY JARROMAN

By Roy Vickers

THEED stood for a moment with bowed head and then stooped over the inert body of Jarroman. As his hand felt the heart he drew it back as if it had been stung.

Jarroman was indubitably alive. A savage disappointment flashed in the watery eyes of the solicitor and was gone in an instant.

"While there is life there is hope," said Theed aloud. "The action of the heart seems to me to be feeble, but—one must pray for the best."

For a moment he hesitated as if in doubt. In that moment he had summed up the situation, concluded that Jarroman was probably about to die, and that nothing could therefore be lost by his dying in the presence of an authorized witness.

"The telephone, of course," he exclaimed, and began to turn the leaves of the directory. "What a blessing the telephone is, to be sure! It must have saved innumerable lives."

He found the number of a nearby doctor and sent an emergency call. Then, moving to a part of the room that was in any case out of Jarroman's line of vision, he unfolded the letter which the stricken man had read just before he fell.

When the doctor arrived Theed was as distraught as a fussy benevolent and elderly gentleman could be.

"I was talking to my old friend, Mr. Jarroman, when he had this dreadful seizure," he explained. "He is just as he fell. I dared not move him lest I cause pain."

"You can help me life him on this sofa, if you will," said the doctor. "I can't examine him like this."

Theed waited in an adjoining room while the doctor made his examination.

"Is it serious?" he asked in an awed whisper, as the doctor emerged from the room in which Jarroman was lying.

"It's serious, of course," said the doctor a trifle impatiently. "Your friend has had what is commonly called a 'stroke.'"

"Is his life in danger?" asked Theed.

"To a certain extent, yes, naturally," replied the doctor. "We can say little at present. His condition may last a few hours—or it may last the rest of his life. It would be equally rash to say that he will die under it as to prophesy that he will be none the worse for it in a few weeks—but either of them is well within the bounds of possibility."

Theed breathed deeply. "Then you do not forbid us to hope?" said Theed.

"No," said the doctor somewhat shortly.

"If he should make a recovery, will it be instantaneous or gradual?"

"It can't be other than gradual," snapped the doctor. "Your regular medical man will keep you informed of the patient's progress."

"So long as his present condition lasts," continued the doctor, "he will be entirely helpless. He will want a trained nurse. It wouldn't be a bad idea for him to go to a nursing home, I should think."

Theed's brain was working quickly. The nursing home proposition would be no manner of use to him.

"I could not bear to think of him in the hands of strangers, doctor, however skilled and however kind," he said. "He is living alone here—his daughter, as you probably know, was married yesterday—and his servants have left. Is it possible for you to have him removed to my house?"

"Yes, of course," said the doctor. "If you like I'll send an ambulance and a couple of skilled men to remove him."

"O, thank you, doctor, thank you," said Theed, seizing the doctor by both hands. "I shall remember your words and I shall put my trust in them."

"The ambulance will be here within an hour," said the doctor and made his escape.

When the doctor had gone Theed returned to the telephone and gave Claudine Crayne's number. A moment later he was speaking to her. (Copyright, 1922, by Chicago Tribune. (To Be Continued Tomorrow))

PROPER BALANCE for Meatless Menus

By Daniel Russell Hodgdon, Sc. D.

I HAVE recently been asked for a balanced vegetable menu. I know little about specific types of diets such as vegetable diets. There are persons who eat as little meat as possible, and certain rules should be followed regarding such diets.

What is a well-balanced diet? I will give you a few examples. You may want to try a vegetable day sometime, even though you serve meat almost every day. It is well during the winter months to have occasional vegetable days and to provide at such times well-balanced vegetable dinners, as too much meat tends to produce acid in the blood-stream. To a great extent vegetable dinners should be composed of either neutral or alkaline-producing foods. Alkaline conditions help guard against colds, grip and influenza.

The best balanced vegetable or meatless meal is obtained by a menu consisting of soup, two vegetables, whole-wheat bread, salad and a dessert. For instance, a properly balanced vegetable dinner may begin with a thick bean soup made from dry white beans which have been soaked overnight and boiled for six hours. This soup, like other soups, should not be strained, as the outer shell of the bean has a definite food value, which, with celery, provides mineral matter and roughage. Stuffed baked potatoes, cauliflower and buttered beans may be served next.

When using only two vegetables, the character of these vegetables should be as varied as possible. For example, you should never use two kinds of root vegetables, such as turnips and beets or two kinds of green vegetables, or flower vegetables besides the potato or other starchy vegetable.

Whole-wheat bread or muffins should be added to this dinner and also a green or fruit salad. A cup of custard, prune whip, charlotte russe, baked apple with cream, stewed figs or any other stewed fruit may be served for dessert.

Such a dinner is well balanced from the standpoint of mineral matter and is largely either of a neutral or alkaline nature. Another example of a well-balanced meatless dinner is one in which fish is used. But as fish is an acid-producing food, it should be used with plenty of alkaline-producing foods. For example, egg, which is frequently used with fish, is a neutral food—that is, the egg is neither acid nor alkaline because the yolk is alkaline-forming and the white is an acid-forming food.

Sometimes the housewife makes a cream sauce of milk, flour, butter and salt, which she pours over fish. She then grates the yolk of a hard-boiled egg over the fish. This is an excellent practice because the egg yolk adds an alkaline-producing food to the acid-producing fish and gives a very good contrast in color to the dish. The milk in the sauce is also

strongly alkaline and, like the egg, adds valuable mineral matter to the dinner.

Baked potatoes should always be used with a fish dinner, because boiled potatoes will unbalance the meal, both from the strongly acid-producing tendency of the fish and its lack of mineral matter. A baked potato or steamed potato with its skin on, is a neutral food, which has a tendency to offset the acid property of the fish.

Young carrots, green peas, a combination salad and a piece of custard pie complete a very excellent well-balanced menu.

This dinner may have a light soup if desired to stimulate the appetite.

The main thing to remember about vegetable dinners is that they should contain plenty of roughage to prevent constipation. The soups used should be thick. Puree soups should never be considered for a vegetable dinner. In straining beans, peas, lentils, asparagus and celery soups we remove the valuable roughage and some of the mineral matter much in the same way the miller removes valuable mineral matter when he makes white flour.

The chief thing to remember about the fish and vegetable dinner is to provide vegetables in such a form as to offset the acid-forming tendency of the fish.

These examples of meatless dinners are given for use during the winter months, and each type of the fish and vegetable dinner and the strictly vegetable dinner may be given the family once a week. Excessive meat eating is not desirable during cold weather.



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